

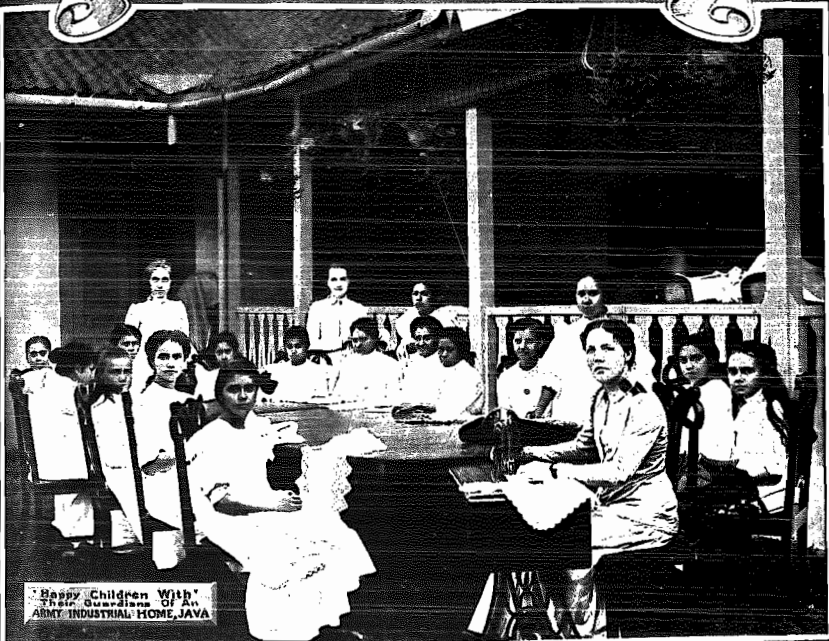
# The WAR CRY

31st YEAR No 28

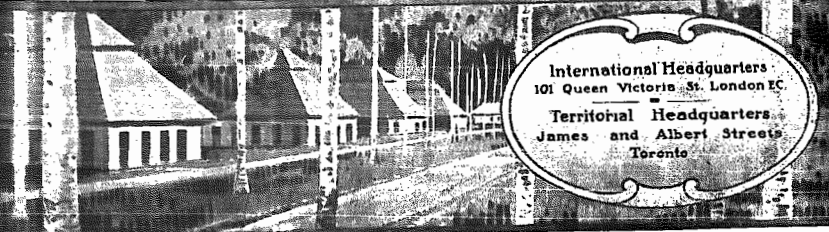
TORONTO APRIL 11th 1914

W Bramwell Booth General

David M. Rees Commissioner



Betty Children With  
Their Guardians Of An  
ARMY INDUSTRIAL HOME, JAVA



International Headquarters  
101 Queen Victoria St. London EC

Territorial Headquarters  
James and Albert Streets  
Toronto

# Companions of The Late General's Youth

# FRUITS of MISSIONARY SACRIFICE By the Commissioner

**THE** sheer charm and force of his character which thus early marked him out as a leader, the late General was able to gather around him in his youthful days a band of young men on fire for God and souls, and strong on the side of righteousness.

These companions were of similar temperament, and entertained the same outlook upon life as The General, continually inspired him by their confidence, and encouraged him by their help, and when he most shrank from taking such a step, owing mainly to unlearned health and to difficulties, he was elbowed, so to speak, into the ministry by their insistent counsel and practical effort.

One of the group, John Savage, by having a share in The General's conversion, and helping to develop his spiritual character, played a very important part in the wonderful and romantic scheme of his life. Another, named Hovey, was largely responsible for setting The General to work, thrusting opportunities in his way for exercising his gifts, which so soon began to reveal themselves, and constantly encouraging him to become a minister of the Gospel.

The combined influences of these companions represented in embryo two salient principles of The Salvation Army. The happy discovery was made that not only should a man be converted and helped to work out his own salvation, but that he should be given something to do. This experience upon which The Salvation Army is founded has meant nothing short of a revolution in the religious world.

The General was greatly inspired by the brilliant and gifted William Sansom, with whom, at the time he first attempted public work, he was especially intimate. Belonging to a highly-respected family, his father being a trustee of the Chapel, he had a good deal of influence. Speaking of these times The General says:—

"Will was a beautiful singer, and had a won-

derful gift of prayer. He used to kneel down on the stones and move Heaven with his cries. I would go on a chair and talk, and Will make a blood vessel on Sunday afternoon. He died in triumph, and left me to fight alone."

During his lonely life in London (England) The General missed the associations of the earnest young men in whose company he had laboured since his conversion. He writes to his friend, John Savage:—

"How are you getting on? I know you are happy. I know you are living to God and working for Jesus. I want a stronger standard! Unfold still wider the battle-flag! Press still closer to the ranks of the enemy, and mark your pathway still more distinctly with glorious trophies of Emmanuel's grace. . . . Onward! Christ for me! Be that your motto—be that your cry—be that your war-note—be that your consolation—be that your plea when asking mercy of God—your end when offering it to man—your hope when encircled in darkness—your triumph and victory when attacked and overcome by death! . . . Tell it to devils, and bid them cease to harass, since you are determined to win the victory for Christ!"

"I preached on Sunday last—a respectable but dull and lifeless congregation. Notwithstanding I had liberty both praying and preaching, I had not the assistance of a single 'Amen' or 'Hallelujah' the whole of the service. It is hard work to labour for an hour and a half in the pulpit and then come down and have to do the work of the prayer meeting as well! I want the men of the Proctors, and Frosts, and Hoveys, and Robinsons here with me in the prayer meetings, and, glory to God, we would carry all before us! Oh! to live to Christ on earth, and to meet you once more, never to part, in a better world!"

In another letter he says:—  
"I had some conversation with one of our local preachers respecting the subject with

regard to which my heart is still burning—mean the full work. He advises by all means to offer myself next March, and leave it to the hands of God and the Church."

"What say you? You are my friend, I am chosen of my companions, the man after my own heart. What say you? I do not desire the pastor's crust without having most distinctly received the pastor's call."

Among those present to hear the first sermon delivered by The General at Walsworth Wesleyan Chapel (London) were Mr. Rabbitt, who was engaged in the lower division of the Borough. The General had launched out in his customary unconventional, earnest manner in striking contrast with the ordinary ministrations of the ordinary ministry of the territory, was agreeably relieved by a brisk fusillade of "Amen's."

Mr. Rabbitt was delighted. Meeting the young preacher at the foot of the stairs, he congratulated him warmly, and invited him home to dinner. Thus was formed on the spot a friendship which lasted to the end of his life.

"Why don't you become a minister?" said Mr. Rabbitt at this point, and turned round. He promised to use his influence among the Wesleyan ministers in London, with some of whom he was on especially intimate terms. Soon, he was installed in a pastorate, Mr. Rabbitt undertaking to pay his salary.

"How much will you require?" he asked, in broaching the question.

"Twelve shillings (\$3) a week will keep me in bread and cheese," responded the first Salvation Army Captain.

"I would not hear of such a thing!" indignantly replied his friend. "You must take at least one pound!" (\$5.)

And so, with this modest remuneration, The General commenced his work as a regular preacher, "jussing rich on fifty pounds (\$25) a year!"

**OR** many years I have been rather closely connected, and often powerfully affected, by the Missionary operations of The Army. It began in this way: In the early days of our work in India, the Officers who were being appointed to the higher commands were sent to England to get an insight into our methods and to be trained for Divisional work, several of them, including Colonel Weerasooriasinghe, came to me. They lived in our home, worked in my office, and travelled with me in the Division. And what I saw of these men's lives, and of the influence of their example, opened my heart and broadened my views on the whole missionary question.

## MY IN THE GIVING.

As a result, in most of my commands, I have made some real sacrifice to help forward our missionary work, and let me say at once, I have found great joy in the sacrifice. I have seen Officers who were needed at home, but, owing on the heart-felt conviction that they were doing still more among the heathen, I have let them go, and have been richly blessed in my own work and life in consequence. Everyone knows that the Corps or church that makes a sacrifice in behalf of the heathen cannot but be blessed at home in the act. Again and again, Corps that have made such sacrifices have, I know, been wonderfully enriched by so doing; and the same thing might be said of Divisions and Territories.

No country, excepting the British Field, has done more for Missionary lands than Sweden. Look, for instance, at what they have just given. During my five years' command of that Territory we sent about seventy—the number is now seventy—Officers abroad, and yet we were never short of Officers at home.

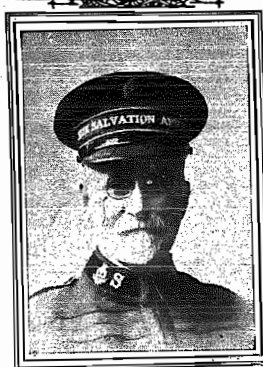
Let me speak of some instances of Missionary sacrifice from my own experience. When I was in charge of my second Division, The Army's first appeal for Officers for India was published in the "Cry," and a young woman Captain, one of the most successful soul-winners I had, volunteered. She had prayed about it, and then came to see me. I hesitated to advise her. She was doing a good work where she was. What was more, she had become engaged to a promising young Officer who as I found, had no leaning whatever towards Missionary work, and there is no doubt they deeply loved each other.

But I soon saw and felt that it would be selfish and un-Christlike to try to dissuade her, as she felt strongly that God had called.

## HOW INDIA WAS HELPED.

In the end, the engagement was terminated by mutual consent, and the young woman went to India. I kept in touch with her for years, and Commissioner Booth-Tucker and other Officers from India have assured me that she had been a splendid work out there. And if the sacrifice brought great blessing to India, it was also a means of rich blessing to me whenever I heard of her success among the heathen.

Let me give you another incident, one in which India is again concerned. One cold, wet night, in a South of England town, our little open-air meeting seemed to be quite useless; no one was, so far as we could see, taking any notice of us. Just as we were about to close, however, I noticed an elderly gentleman standing away in the distance. He afterwards came to the meeting at the Hall, and invited me to go and see him at home on the morrow. He was, I found, a man of wealth and influence, a retired officer from



the King's army, who had spent much of his time in India, and he was a Christian man, whose heart was set upon doing something for the salvation of the millions of that country who knew not God.

I described something of what The Army was doing in India, where Commissioners Booth-Tucker had, not very long before, commenced operations, and he was deeply interested. A little later I was able to introduce him to the Chief of the Staff (our present General) and not long after he returned to India as a Salvation Army Captain, who had devoted the remaining years of his life, and his pension, to help our work there.

There is no doubt that he was sent along by God. He had a very full knowledge of the Indian peoples, and he was a scholar and a linguist, and Commissioner Booth-Tucker had told me that his work and influence were invaluable to us. He died in India. His was the sacrifice.



"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

From a painting in a little church at Emmaus. [Photo, American Colony, Jerusalem.]

face, but who would dare say that it was not, in its blessed fruitage, abundantly worth while? And we should not forget that it was largely the outcome of an apparently useless open-air meeting.

I should like also to speak of the work and sacrifice of the late Major Jim Osborne, of South Africa, and I can do so from personal knowledge, for he and I were Training Home chums and he came to consult me before responding to The General's appeal for Officers to commence work among the Zulus. I advised him to go. He went, and a few years later I myself was appointed in South Africa, where I was able to see for myself the effects of my comrade's work and sacrifice. Some of our native Officers of to-day were converted under him—I mistake not—Gauteng Mshambo being one of the number. Osborne was, in fact, like Moffatt and Morrison—he prepared the soil, and those who followed him have gathered the harvest, which he did not live to see. Of course, they also have endured hardship and bravely borne the Cross. Osborne was, humanly speaking, one of the least of men, but he had a great heart and a passion for the heathen.

## THEY WENT TO ZULULAND.

But perhaps the sacrifice that has made the greatest impression upon my life was that of two young women Officers working under my direction while I was Provincial Officer for London, Eng. The General was again asking for Officers for South Africa, and these young women volunteered. They were accepted, and went out to Zululand, and did very good; I admired their sacrifice, and was sure they would do good work.

Years after, when I was appointed Territorial Commissioner to South Africa, I went, as soon as it could be arranged, to see them at their settlement. It was a long journey by boat, train, post-car, and then on foot away into the interior. They seemed, I found, to be the beginning and the end of the little community, so much had they done to win the Zulus. They had their meetings for grown-ups, meetings for children, and day schools, and during the four days I was there I counted seventy, as nearly as possible, poor natives who came to them for assistance and relief in their troubles. Some of these had been bitten by poisonous snakes, others had been bruised or injured, and others again had troubles of a different kind; but they all felt that the Officers were quite equal to relieve their necessities.

## WOULD NOT LEAVE THEIR WORK.

Before leaving the settlement I suggested that the time had now come for them to have a farewell—they were entitled to spend a few months at home, and they needed the rest. But to my great surprise they did not approve of the suggestion. "No!" they said: "we have worked hard and God has richly blessed us in the conversion of the Zulus, but these converts are as yet very much like children, and if we were now to leave them for some months, as you suggest, much of the work would be spoiled. Let me give you another incident, one in which India is again concerned. One cold, wet night, in a South of England town, our little open-air meeting seemed to be quite useless; no one was, so far as we could see, taking any notice of us. Just as we were about to close, however, I noticed an elderly gentleman standing away in the distance. He afterwards came to the meeting at the Hall, and invited me to go and see him at home on the morrow. He was, I found, a man of wealth and influence, a retired officer from

I can never fully realize the effect of their devotion upon my own heart. Here, indeed, was the pure spirit of Christianity—these dear comrades could truthfully say:—

"And all I think or speak or do, is one great sacrifice."

—D. M. REES.

## A PRAYER BY THE LATE GENERAL.

In the Holy Land, at the time of His Passover Vint in 1905.

"**WHAT** shall we say to Thee, Lord, as we kneel upon this sacred spot, from which Thou didst ascend to Heaven, having completed the work which Thy Father gavest Thee to do?"

"We have come down to aid, guided by Thy spirit, O Lord, Thy light shone into our hearts years ago. We have followed Thee, and in Thy Providence Thou has brought us to this Holy Land. We present ourselves again to Thee, O Lord, that we may give some practical exhibition of the love we bear Thee. Thou hast come down from Glory to the lowly manger, for our sake. Oh give us a deluge of the spirit which prompted Thee to offer Thyself for our Salvation!"

"We were not permitted to behold Thee in the flesh, yet where in the blessings Thou didst bestow when Thou didst tread these hallowed hills and valleys, but we share in Thee blessing Thee. We thank Thee for us with Thine own body on the tree. And here, on this sacred ground, we renew our alliance with Thee. Our lives are Thine. Our friends, our families, and all that are near us, are Thine. We lay them afresh at Thy feet. Help us to do Thy will in all things, for Thou hast loved us and washed us from our sins in Thine own Blood. We pray for a fuller measure of that spirit which Thou didst possess, that we may live and fight and suffer for Thee, and be all men everywhere. Amen."

## "A Certain Man had Two Sons."

"From the same crucifix's side,  
From the same mother's breast,  
One is here, another—'neath the trees,  
One in the Paradise, one

**THE** younger of them said to his father, 'Father, give me the share of the property that comes to me.' So he divided his wealth between them. No long time afterwards the younger son got all together and travelled to a distant country, where he wasted his money in debauchery and excess. At last, when he had spent everything, there came a terrible famine throughout that country, and he began to feel the pinch of want. So he went and hired himself to one of the inhabitants of that country, who sent him on to his farm to tend swine; and he longed to make a hearty meal of the pods the swine were eating, but he could not give him any. 'But on coming to himself' he said, 'How many of my father's hired men have more bread than this; want, while I here am dying of hunger! I will rise and go to my father, and will say to him, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before you: I am no longer deserve to be called your son of yours; treat me as one of your hired men." So he rose and came to his father.

"But while he was still a long way off, his father saw him, and pitied him, and ran and threw his arms round his neck, and kissed him tenderly. 'Father,' cried the son, 'I have sinned against Heaven and before you; no longer do I deserve to be called a son of yours.' But the father said to his servants, 'Fetch a good coat, quickly—the best one—and put it on him; and bring a ring for his finger, and shoes for his feet. Fetch the fat calf and kill it, and let us feast and enjoy ourselves; for my son was dead, and has come to life again: he was lost, and has been found.' And they began to be merry.

"Now his elder son was out on the farm; and when he returned and came near home, he heard music and dancing. Then he called one of the laborers to him and asked what all this meant. 'Your brother is come,' he replied; 'and your father has killed the fat calf, because he has got him home safe and sound.' Then he was angry, and would not go in. But his father came out and intreated him. 'All these years,' replied the son, 'I have been slaving for you, and I have never at any time disobeyed any of your orders, and yet you have never given me so much as a kid, for me to enjoy myself with my friends; but now that this son of yours is come who has eaten up your property among his bad women, you have killed the fat calf for him.' 'As for you, dear boy! said the father, 'you are always with me, and all that is mine is yours. We were bound to make merry and to eat and drink with you, for you were dead, and has been found.'—The New Testament in Modern Speech.

## THE VILLAGES OF EMMAUS AND BETHANY.

Scenes of Our Lord's Last Days on Earth in Human Form.

**WE** are familiar with the story of the walk of Cleopas at his companion from Jerusalem to Emmaus on the afternoon of the first Easter day; how they were joined by a stranger as they walked, how they talked of the past week; how, in words which made their hearts burn within them, He "opened to them" the Scriptures; how they constrained Him to go with them; and how, during the meal, He revealed Himself to them as their risen Master.

Emmaus of to-day is known as El Kuleth; it is exactly sixty far-longs from the city, as mentioned by Luke. Here, on the traditional site where Christ broke bread with Cleopas and his fellow-disciple, is a delightful little church containing a beautiful painting by a well-known French artist, of this event. [A reproduction of this painting will be found on another page.]

That picturesque little village of Bethany, where Martha and Mary, whom Jesus loved, lived, with the brother Lazarus, are figures in the Easter story, for it was here, as the Bible says, that "He lifted up his hands and blessed them, and was parted from them and sent into Heaven." The little hill on which Christ is supposed to have ascended is marked by a chapel; the supposed spot of the Ascension is pointed out.

[A picture of Bethany as it appeared to the eye will be found on another page.—Ed.]

# Judge Not! You May Be Mistaken

CHARMING STORY OF A NEEDY SALVATIONIST'S EAGER LONGING TO GIVE SOMETHING TO GOD.

**B**UY a "War Cry"! Yes, I've heard of that rag before; let me see what it's like. So the simple-hearted Herald of Salvation, Soldier of the down-town Corps, sold the cynical lady journalist a copy of the beloved paper. The journalist had taken rooms for a few days in that district in order that she might see for herself how the poor live, and she seemed "copy" in The Army man now standing on her doorstep.

"Can you give me any advice?" she quickly enquired of him, having bought a copy of the paper. "I've been very ill; in fact, I've been at death's door, and I don't believe in God. Can you help me?"

"Well," replied the man, speaking with an air of natural confidence that impressed the young woman. "I can't do much, but I can tell you what God has done for me; I can give my testimony, and I can pray with you."

"Oh, if you're going to pray with me, you had better come inside," said she, speaking somewhat gaily.

They went in, and the Salvationist told the half-critical, half-wondering journalist how he had been converted from a life of drunkenness and made a new man altogether. Then he knelt in prayer—pouring out the feelings and longings of his heart in wonderful earnestness and faith. The journalist could never forget that simple prayer. She must get to know something more about this strange man, she said to herself.

A day or two later, therefore, she called upon the Captain of the Corps. "Did she know Mr. So-and-So?" he asked.

"Yes, the Captain and the young lady spoke for a few minutes of his visit and his prayer. Then, having established a little intimacy, she boldly asked, 'Mr. So-and-So is a good man, isn't he?'"

The Captain agreed, and then continued the conversation, until the Captain had again told the lady journalist that Brother So-and-So was really good, and the only fault she had found in his life was that he was rather slow to be a little close-fisted. His comrades, who should know, so regarded him. But he was a good man.

The young lady was not satisfied; neither the Captain nor the Soldiers are right, she said to herself.

herself. A selfish man could not pray like that, and I'll find out. She therefore planned to send him some money through the post and would then attend to herself.

## To Your Friends.

Next week, beginning April 18th, is being observed by Salvationists throughout Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda as **THE WEEK OF PRAYER**, during which special interest is made for the work of **THE ARMY** in all lands, and for the success of **THE SELF-DENIAL WEEK**, which begins on the following Sunday, April 19th. Every reader of **"The War Cry"** has at some time heard of this Annual Effort to raise funds for the maintenance and extension of Salvation Army Work, some of which is described in this special number of **"The War Cry."**

When we speak of prayer for the success of the effort, we mean prayer that a great number of men and women and little children may take part in it; that they may give with a happy and generous spirit; whether little or much, as God has prospered them; and that they may all be richly blessed in so doing. Would you not like to contribute towards making the 1914 Effort in Canada such a success? You can give your donation to an authorized Salvationist collector, or you can send it to the nearest Salvation Army Corps or Institution. Generosity, like mercy, is twice blessed; it blesses him that gives and him that receives. Your money will be well and carefully spent in the noblest of work for God and the people.

he might refer to it, if at all. That would also give her an opportunity of seeing the other Salvationists.

Heavily veiled she entered the little hall. Both the Captain and Brother So-and-So were there, but no one could recognize her.

the meeting next night to see in what way.

Soon the Captain asked for the name of one of the first speakers was Brother So-and-So. "Comrades," he said, "not without some effort I was able to give you some of you've wondered why I put more into the collection. But I've known that I have, out of my little way, put my poor old mother and help my money to a sick and the time that money is sent every week there's very little left for my collections."

"But the Lord, He does not forget," he knows where I live. Yesterday He sent me a sick and the time that money is sent every week there's very little left for my collections."

For some moments after Brother So-and-So sat so down there was silence in the hall. A stranger entering would have wondered at both men and women weeping. How hushed the Captain felt! How humbled were the diers! How elated was the lady journalist. Little later all were singing together—

"Where the whole realm of nature sings, That there's a present far too small; Let us adore thee, O divine, Shall have my soul, my life, my all."

And there was a bountiful offering there. We do not exactly know what the offering that testimony were upon the Corps, only that they must have been generally good in any way. A wind-break of small trees partly hides it from the passer-by, and provides complete shelter for the small, well-kept lawn in front—

And the years bore splendid proof of thorough sincerity. She herself became an Army Officer, and some of the most beautiful pages of our literature were written by her brilliant pen.

[The facts upon which this story is based were communicated by Lieut. Colonel Hastings—Ed.]

# The First Great Missionary.

**T**HE best evidence of the growth of a Church or a Salvation Army Corps is the missionary spirit it manifests. Where missionaries are sent into the great heathen field there is progress. What then, I may ask, is required in a missionary? What have successful missionaries possessed which made them succeed? For perhaps some who read this paper, and conscious that the call has come to them to go to the heathen, and in that event there may be much questioning and some misgivings as to personal fitness for such a great work.

May we then these questions find an answer in the greatest example we have of a missionary, the Apostle Paul? What a grand character was he—embodying zeal, courage, perseverance, as well as natural gifts, not the least of which was his wonderful intellectual power.

To begin with, he had a clear experience of conversion; he was saved in the good, old-fashioned way. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" he had asked. He was then in a position to hear a call from God. He received a clear call, he was sure about it, and this gave him a good start. He was on the altar for service or consecration. (See Gal. 1:15; 16; Acts 13:12; and Acts 9:15.)

Then Paul was completely under the dominion of God; he conferred not with flesh and blood. Immediately after conversion he continued on his journey to Damascus, away from Jerusalem, and thence to the great heathen world, and whither we would naturally expect him to return. Instead of doing this, he proceeded to Damascus, one hundred and thirty miles north-east of Jerusalem, and there for a period in Arabia—in all probability three years—he shut himself away with God. True, he preached sometimes in the synagogues, and there

## A CHARACTER STUDY OF THE APOSTLE PAUL'S LONELY JOURNEYS, WRITTEN WITH INSIGHT BY MRS. MAJOR MOORE.

were Christians there, but I think his first and chief purpose was to learn of God and be prepared for his great life-work.

Paul did not fear solitude; he rather loved it. When later he, with Silas, visited Thessalonica, where he was to be a missionary, he was sent by the brethren by night to Berea. Either those Thessalonian Jews followed him, stirring up the people against him, so that he was taken to Athens and there left alone for a season. He was not expected to take up active service with his co-workers arrived.

In imagination I have watched him in his

## EASTER DAY.

**MIGHTY Lord of Winter-ide!  
O Loving Lord of the Spring!  
Come to our hearts this Easter Day,  
Melt all the prisoning ice away,  
And evermore abide,  
Making both good and ill to be  
Thy blessed opportunity.**

lonely walks through the streets of this beautiful, but idolatrous city, where it is said that "it was easier to find a god than a man," and his spirit was stirred within him. Unable therefore to wait Silas and Timothy, he struck alone, and single-handed he expostulated with the Athenians daily. Here was courage! Here was "springing" No wonder the people were amazed, or that they brought him to the city court in Athens, and urged him to declare "his new doctrine."

Another picture of Paul in solitude is on his third missionary journey. He had been much with the Church and people, and longed to be alone for a season. With his company he had

spent seven days at Troas. On the last day he preached until midnight, and he was on his friends by ship to Assos, minding him to travel alone, a distance of over twenty miles along the excellent Roman road. So long as a period of solitude, Paul went alone—without a companion, and the evidence of his solitude is striking to notice the evidences of the Apostle's exceptional will power. We find in using the word "determined" in reference to our purposes five times, not mentioning him by others in respect to Paul; not are other illustrations of this strength of purpose in his mind.

On his second journey he had travelled through the Provinces of Phrygia and Galatia, and planned to visit the cities in Asia, but he was forbidden of the Holy Ghost. He then came to Mysia, which also was in Asia, but was not free to do anything there. He next arrived at Troas, which was still another province of Asia, but the Spirit suffered him not to go. Now, I am quite sure this humble, noble servant of Jesus Christ had a thoroughly good spirit, but he could not as yet see where his duty lay, and in the absence of clearer light he assayed, in his strong way, to follow his original purpose.

Again, we find evidence of this strength of purpose in the journey, when he planned to go to Jerusalem. The disciples told Paul, through the Spirit, that he should not go up to Jerusalem, but he replied, "I go bound in the Spirit, not knowing what shall befall me there, save that the Holy Ghost is with me in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me." The prophet Agabus took Paul by the neck and bound his hands and feet, and said, "Thus saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that shall thus declare of himself." And when we read of this (Continued on Page 18)

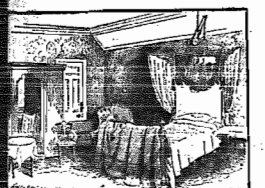
# A VISIT TO "ROOKSTONE," the Home of the late General. By Brigadier Bond.

**S**TEPPED from the train to the platform of the quiet little station of Hildesley Wood. Ten years had passed since I last stood there. I was one of a favoured band of Editorial Staff—who had been invited to the late General. Memories of the evening crowded upon me as I stood the station stairs, and with them the General's house, he himself lay in the granite-covered grave of The Army in Abbey Park Cemetery.

The thousands of others who had visited the Wood, I desired to see the rooms in which the Army's illustrious Founder had spent his years of his life, so I eagerly embraced the opportunity of visiting the place where the General had met with Death, and full of grief, had laid down his sword.

"Rookstone," as it is called, is the last house of the General. It is a quiet road that loses itself in green fields. The scene is somewhat early English style, and a restful stillness prevailed. One of the lower story being red brick and the upper frame and flint cast.

A wind-break of small trees partly hides it from the passer-by, and provides complete shelter for the small, well-kept lawn in front—



Room in which the beloved Leader died.

route walk of the late master of "Rookstone." I was first taken to the late General's study, a large room, with a spacious window facing the north, and commanding a view of the garden and a wide expanse of country. The study of the scene immediately drew me to the study. It was a typical English landscape, a garden, a meadow, a river, and a village. The study was a large room, with a spacious window facing the north, and commanding a view of the garden and a wide expanse of country.

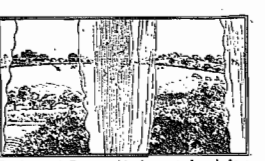
The General loved this view, I was told. His eyes had beheld most of what this round world has to show. The vast stretches of the South African karroo, with its blue, table-topped mountains; the Australian plains and evergreen forests; the prairies and rocky mountains of the West; the rocky fields and palm trees of the Indies; the cherry blossoms of Japan, and the fields of Norway—he had seen them all, but I think none was so fair to him as this charming view of Hertfordshire, for he was a great lover of England.

Two or three small buildings on the horizon were pointed out to me, and I was told that they were the houses of the General's friends. The General's study was a large room, with a spacious window facing the north, and commanding a view of the garden and a wide expanse of country. The study of the scene immediately drew me to the study. It was a typical English landscape, a garden, a meadow, a river, and a village.

With heroic fortitude he watched the darkness deepening around him, looking forward to the time when partial sight would be restored by successful operation.

Then the day came when the mournful truth was told him that the operation had proved unnecessary; that he was blind!

This event has been described with incomparable pathos by Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg, and since my visit I have re-read the narrative. I quote from it the following paragraphs: "Mr. Higgins (the eye surgeon) upon The General's bed, and, taking his hand, said in a



Garden and Countryside from study window.

brave a tone as he could muster, 'Well, General, what do you want me to say to you?' There was a moment's silence, and then The General replied: 'Well, of course, you must know what I want you to say; I want you to say that I shall have my sight again. You know that is what I have so long hoped for. Again there was dead silence. Then somehow Mr. Collins (another specialist) seemed to have changed places with Mr. Higgins. He took The General's hand right in between his two big strong ones, and speaking very gently, very slowly said, 'Well, General, that is what we all hoped for, but I fear there is not much hope of your seeing objects any more.'

There was again silence for several moments. . . . Presently the stillness was broken, and The General said, though perhaps lower tones than usual, spoke, 'Well, he said, 'The Lord's will be done. If it is to be, I have only to bow my head and accept it will be done.'

Quite a number of those who sympathized with The General in his blindness sent him courtesies designed to aid the blind in the labour of writing; and on turning from the window I was shown one that still contained the sheet of paper on which The General had essayed to write. Here is a sentence—the pencilled writing is barely legible, but indicates a faith that was sublime: "The Lord my God will enlighten my darkness in His own good time."

On his table is a powerful reading lamp, and also a large green shade which he wore occasionally over his eyes for protection, but God in His own good time and way, has enlightened



The General's study, with the vacant chair.

The General's darkness, and now he is where there is no light; where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light"; and those one-time sightless eyes now behold the King in His beauty.

As I have already said, the study is a spacious room, but austere furnished. It is essentially a work-room.

The bookcase contains chiefly histories and theological works. A large and much-used Bible is on the table.

A leather-covered easy chair arrested my attention. It bore strong external evidence of recovering, and I said that it was The General's chair. I was informed that both the late General and the Army Mother had used it, but that it was not regarded as "the vacant chair," which is a well-worn tapestry-covered seat, and stands in much the same place as when The General occupied it during his working hours.

As I stood there my fancy reconstructed the scene that the large tinted portrait of The Army Mother, hanging over the fireplace, had so often looked down upon.

I seemed to see The General sitting in the arm chair with his legs crossed and his head resting on his left hand; the long, well-shaped fingers—somewhat attenuated in his latter years—passing at intervals through his silvery locks, as with memory dwelling in the past, he dictated to his shorthand sitting at the table the thrilling autobiographical passages that adorn the author-



Front view of the house—"Rookstone."

native life compiled by Commissioner Railton. What thoughts must have been The General's as he lived over again the scenes of his humble life—the General of an Army whose numbers exceeded that of Caesar's; director of a world-wide force working for righteousness such as no single individual has controlled since the morning stars sang together.

On the writing table at which The General spent so many laborious hours are several objects of supreme interest, chief of which, perhaps, is the oak casket containing the Freedom of the City of London that was conferred upon him. It was my privilege to be present in the Guildhall on that historic occasion.

The casket upon the table is carved in oak taken from the old roof of the Guildhall which was constructed under Sir Christopher Wren about a year after the great fire of London. The wood is therefore nearly three hundred years old. The casket is also the casket containing the Freedom of his native city—Nottingham.

On the table is a blotting pad containing numerous impressions of the General's signature. The blotting pad is of character and beauty, was also large and heavy. It is a simple but effective link with the past.

On the wall, just over the table, is a large steel engraving of "Women and Children First." It represents a lifeboat rescuing passengers from a foundering liner and was the late General's favourite picture.

Over the door hangs a portrait of The General, and in close proximity to it a powerful chalk drawing of his mother; the likeness of the son to the mother is truly extraordinary. One

(Continued on Page 20)



## TRAINING COLLEGE CADETS, AND HOW THEY RECEIVED THE CALL TO WORK FOR GOD IN THE SALVATION ARMY

### WHILE STUDYING GREEK.

The Army's teaching of Holiness as a practical experience for every converted man or woman, was one of the chief factors in the decision which Cadet S. made, to offer himself for service. At the critical moment he was studying for the ministry; hence, he halted between options. And although he felt sure that The Army's doctrine was right, and that he should preach it, he could not decide.

One day, while poring over a Greek manual, he realized that, having received the fuller light, he must follow in it or disobey God. Without further delay, he bowed his head over his books, and in a silent prayer, made the decision—for God, Holiness, and The Army.

He is not now studying Greek, but learning how a young man, who, four years ago, could not read nor write his own name, may become a soul-winner in the true sense of the term.

### CADET IN A COAL WAGON.

Dirty and helplessly drunk, a man lay in the gutter of one of the main streets of Toronto. A Cadet, with a bundle of "War Cries" under his arm, came along, and instantly forgetting that he

was, his brother laughed at him, and urged him to stay where he was. He could serve God just as well on the farm, as in the city where the Corps was situated, he said.

The other listened, and to his ultimate sorrow, took his brother's advice and stayed on the farm. Six weeks later he had an accident which cost him his right arm. And then he realized that he had disobeyed the voice of God. He must go to the Training College.

More difficulties came along. Having the use of only one arm, he could not command high wages at any work he took up, and he began to wonder where the money for his outfit and travelling expenses would come from. Up to the day of his farewell, he had had no assurance of money. And then his faith was rewarded, for as he shook hands at the railway depot with some of his friends, they left in his palm more than enough money in bills to supply his immediate needs.

### AT THE GENERAL'S MEMORIAL.

To go to a Salvation Army meeting would, five years ago, have been considered a disgrace in the eyes of any member of the family to which Cadet R. belongs. And so until he came to

### NOT TOO OLD AFTER ALL.

Although he held an important position in the little town of E. in Eastern Canada, present Cadet P. was a thorough Salvationist, and longed to be able to help some of the fellows around him, whose lives, like his, were cursed by drink. So he applied for Candidate's papers, but when his age was known, the Divisional Commander at once told him that he was too old!

Nothing daunted, the Cadet worked his way to the Training College, and on the day of the Corps until one day, the Commissioner was visiting the district, sent for him. He ever, received no definite assurance of acceptance for the work until one day, the Captain of the Corps rushed into the workshop where he was at that time, employed—he had resigned his official position in the town rather than join The Army—and handed him a telegram requesting him to proceed at once to the Training College. At the same time he received a good position and high wages.

"What shall we do, dear?" he said to his mother. She promptly and wisely replied "Go to the Army and they will."

As a result, both husband and wife are



Adjutant McElheney, Young People's Sergeant-Major Braund, and some of the Workers of the fine Young People's Corps at Peterboro.

had challenged a comrade-Cadet to sell the most papers that afternoon, lifted the man to his feet, and endeavored to find out from him where he lived. He was, however, so drunk that he could only mumble incoherently. A store-keeper at last came to the Cadet's assistance, and gave him what he believed was the drunk's address. But how could he get him there? It was too far to walk with such a burden.

A policeman came to the aid, and the helpless man began to struggle, fearing arrest. "Oh, don't let him get me!" he cried, his dulled senses becoming aroused at the sight of the familiar helmet. Just then, a man driving an empty coal wagon passed by. "Hit stop!" shouted the Cadet. The driver did so, and in a few moments he and his drunken charge were perched up in the wagon, which the Cadet persuaded the driver to take to the street named by the store-keeper.

Before they arrived, the drunk recognized the uniform of his helper, and with a choking voice, said: "What have I done that you should do this for me?"

The tears of repentance of the poor fellow, combined with his promise to do better in future, were ample reward to the Cadet for a lost challenge.

### PRICE OF DISOBEDIENCE.

Coming into a city in the North-West from his brother's farm, Cadet R. saw, for the first time, The Salvation Army, and promptly fell in love with it. He got converted in a meeting which he subsequently attended, and straightway felt that he should become an Officer.

On returning to his brother's homestead for the harvest season, he told him of his conviction.

Canada, he had never attended an Army meeting. In the city of H. a memorial service for the late General was being held, and at this gathering the future Cadet went. Later on, he attended the farewell meeting of Colonel and Mrs. Mapp in that same city, and became convinced that he should work for God—where, he did not know.

A few days later, his sister, who also was present at the last-named meeting, the second she had ever attended in The Army, was strangely convicted of her call to the work of soul-winning. But none of the training institutions that she visited seemed to want her, and she was nearly disheartened.

"I wonder if The Army has any place for us?" she at last said to her brother. Next day both went to the Commanding Officer, who quickly assured them that The Army had a place for everybody who was ready for hard work and sacrifice.

Brother and sister are to-day in the Training College, and through their consecration, another member of the family will probably enter the Training College next Session.

## To Those who are Called to Leave All.

Jesus saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

## THROUGH THE "SOLDIER'S GUIDE."

Do you read the "Soldier's Guide," issued by the late General, for the use of all Salvationists? If so, then turn to the "Leave for None Plucking" for the 8th of May, and you will find these words: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

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# GRACE HOSPITAL, WINNIPEG

THE WONDERFUL WORK AND EQUALLY WONDERFUL INFLUENCE OF AN UNRIVALLED ARMY INSTITUTION

## FIGURES THAT ARE FULL OF MEANING.

Patients in the Institution on Dec. 1, 1913	108
Patients admitted during year ending Nov. 30, 1913	750
Births in the Institution during the year (24 stillborns)	604
Patients under treatment or lodged during year (including children born in Institution and inmates in residence at the close of previous year)	1,408
Deaths during the year	1,308
Patients remaining Nov. 30, 1913	114
Average days' stay of patients in the Institution	37
Dormitory capacity of Institution in beds	125
Number of beds made up	175
Religion of patients:	1,214
Protestants of any denomination	89
Roman Catholics	165
Other religions (or not known)	15

## What the City Thinks.

"There is no doubt in my mind that this Institution has proved to be indispensable to the city," says Mr. Frank Kerr, writing in his official capacity as City Relief Officer. "It has done good work both for the city and the citizens. Mr. Kerr's opinion would leave us in no uncertainty as to how the Hospital is regarded in the civic mind, and his pronouncement was again and again confirmed in conversation with other officials during our brief stay in Winnipeg. But our enthusiastic verdict of the Grand Jury, one of whose responsibilities it is carefully to inspect the work of all such undertakings, and who in their last report to Mr. Justice Galt, said: "We cannot speak too highly of the work that is being done at this institution."

## The Doctors Speak.

As to the character and value of the service rendered by the Medical Staff of the Hospital, Dr. J. Halpenney, one of Winnipeg's leading surgeons, speaks.

"This work (says the Doctor) has always been of a good quality. The service has been conducted in the interests of the patients. This is a fact which the view-point is right. The service has been intelligent, has been given unstintingly, and has been in keeping with the most modern teaching in this department of medicine."

A summary of the results in Grace Hospital, presented two years ago by Dr. C. E. Sugden, at our Provincial Medical Association, compares very favorably indeed with those of the best clinics in Canada and Great Britain, and reflects much credit on the Hospital, the nursing staff, and the medical staff.

"I am glad to have the opportunity of adding my own word of commendation regarding this excellent institution, and more particularly with reference to the voluntary service given by the medical staff."

Dr. Halpenney speaks not as a member of Grace Hospital staff, although when the institution was first incorporated he was actively associated with Dr. Charles E. Sugden, the Medical Superintendent, and has ever since kept in touch with its ministrations. Dr. Sugden's opinion is, however, based upon his daily observation and intimate connection with the affairs of the Hospital up to the present day.

Dr. Sugden says: "I feel that the work done by the Medical Staff in Grace Hospital is of as high a standard as any on the continent, and while we do not have the number of cases that some of the large American hospitals have, our death rate amongst patients is as low as any of them. I feel that when a patient enters the Hospital under the care of the staff, she will receive the best treatment known to medical science. I cannot speak too highly of the interest and attention given by night and by day to those in need of help."

"It was my pleasure some years ago to read

before the Manitoba Medical Society a report of the first six hundred cases which we had in the Hospital, and that was considered one of the most satisfactory reports ever given there. I am satisfied that were I to write up the over six hundred cases we have had during the past year, the report would be very much more favourable in many respects."

## Purpose of the Institution.

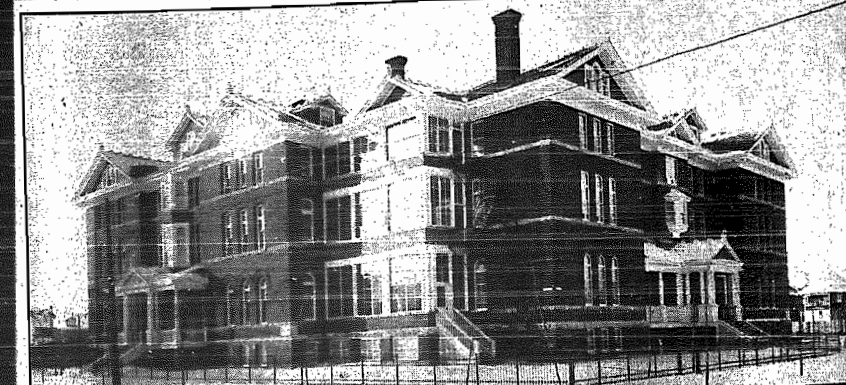
Grace Hospital (of which Staff-Captain Payne is Matron) is, it is almost superfluous to say, principally a maternity institution. Its purpose as such may be described as threefold: to provide medical treatment in their time of deep need for friendless girls and women; to make the provision for mothers among the deserving poor, and to also receive paying patients who the Hospital insures to the best arrangements that could be made for them at home at such a time. A glance at the statistics of the Hospital for the last year (as set out on this page) will perhaps give the best idea of how well this purpose is being realized.

Taking the total figure, we see that no fewer than 1,408 patients (including children born there) were treated in the institution within that period. Of these approximately 120 were friendless women who could only turn to some such place as this for assistance. There are, on an average, sixty Rescue patients in the Hospital all the time, and if in these wards mother-love is mostly intermingled with poignant sorrow, the help which The Army is able to extend is often the cause of a responsible joy to distant relatives.

## A Mother's Letter of Thanks.

"I am thankful," writes a mother in the Old Country, "that your institution has done so much for my poor daughter. Only God knows the anguish of my heart since she left home—the anxious hours I have spent and the bitter tears I have shed over her terrible fall. I am glad she has now given her heart to God. Do all you can to help her in the future, for the sake of her broken-hearted Mother."

Sometimes too, happy reconciliations between parents and daughters are effected, and from time to time a wedding takes place in the reception room of the Hospital. In the majority of these instances the Officers have prevailed upon the young man concerned to do the only honourable thing, and now these couples are comfortably settled in little homes of their own. Six weddings of this kind were conducted at Grace Hospital last year. Major McLean, Staff-



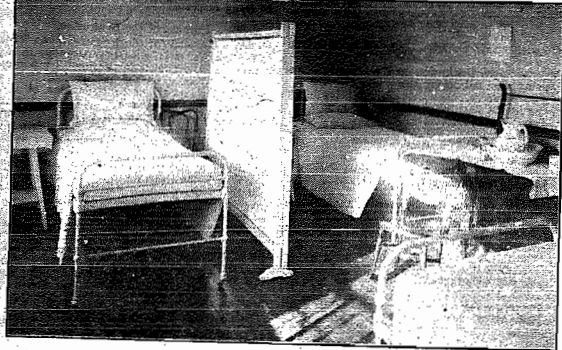
New photograph of Grace Hospital. The original wing (much foreshortened in this picture) is on the right hand.

Captain Tudge, and the Rev. Dr. Cook officiating.

#### Helping Poor Mothers.

Perhaps the wards that are the most appreciated are those in which the poor women are helped who otherwise would not be able to afford the care and attention they so much need at the time of their confinement.

One of these patients was the wife of a drunken husband and the mother of three little children. Her husband had so ill-treated her that she had to flee for protection. She was very ill, and it was at first feared could not recover; but provision was made for her children; she herself was given care and comfort, and she is now in happy circumstances.



One of the Semi-Private Wards on the Maternity Section.

The serious illness of her husband and two children was the cause of another mother's distress. Through the bitter winter weather she had to work very hard to try to make ends meet. Then the little boy died and the mother, fearing the life of her confinement, was hurried to the Hospital. Her gratefulness to God and The Army Officers for their gratefulness to God and friends to help her in her suffering and bereavement was touching to witness.

#### How it is Done.

How is all this work—and so much beside which we have no space to mention—done? To that question we will now attempt some reply. To begin with, the building itself is admirably suited to its purpose. Standing on a large rectangular plot of ground, it consists at present of two four-storied wings—the main and original wing facing north, and the new wing facing east. As the work grows it may be necessary to add other sections; at any rate, the land is there in the event of such need, foresight and forethought having with advantage entered into the making of the original plan for the building.

The main floor on the north wing is chiefly occupied by necessary offices, reception rooms, dining-rooms, and Officers' quarters. The first and second floors on this wing are devoted exclusively to nursing. On the top story the nurses are domiciled.

Roughly speaking, the rooms on the chief floors are arranged on either side of wide, light, and airy corridors running the whole length of the wings. Each room therefore gets full advantage of direct light and air. There are also large verandahs where the patients may rest and recuperate in the wholesome sunlight.

The second floor on the main wing is an exact duplicate of the first floor, an arrangement which has been found greatly to facilitate the work. On these floors are the sterilizing rooms, operating rooms, dressing rooms, bath rooms, and others, in addition to the wards. There are also the clean room, contagious wards (which are completely isolated), and convalescent wards.

#### Accommodation.

The accommodation of the Hospital, including the Rescue section, is a hundred and seventy beds. In the Maternity section there is convenience for fifty patients; that is, for fifty mothers and their babies. There were, on the day of our visit, twenty-three mothers and twenty-five babies in the Maternity wards, and

the two classes are kept quite apart—forty mothers and babies in the Rescue wards. The prices range from \$1 a day for a private room to \$1 for a bed in the wards—this applying only to the floors where paying patients are received. Except with those engaging private rooms, the difference consists chiefly in accommodation and privacy rather than in the bill of fare or attendance.

#### Work of the Officers.

But the most modern and perfectly-equipped hospital would be almost as perfect a failure if the human element in its management were at fault; and excellent as is the equipment of Grace Hospital, one cannot say anything less of the

and Lieutenant Smith are responsible for the cooking required by different sections of the Hospital. Captain Stevenson has charge of the laundry, Captain George has charge of the girls' under her supervision, the nurses' uniforms, Hospital commissaries, and the other work of the kind. Lieutenant Clarke looks after the cleanliness and sanitation of the wards in the Rescue section, and Dean is in training as a Maternity section.

There are thirty-seven Officers in all, and the fourteen nurses in training and graduate. The nurses begin on a two-month trial. If accepted, they receive \$1 per week and two uniforms per year until graduation.

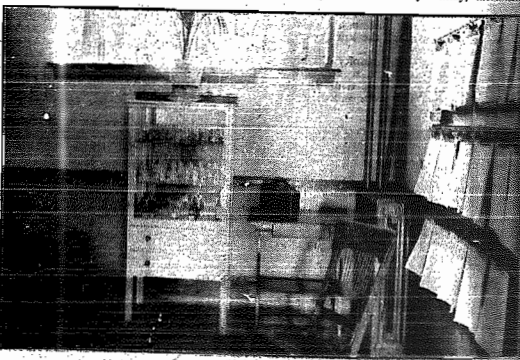
#### The Medical Staff.

We have already mentioned the Medical Staff. Working with Dr. Sargent, Mr. Sargent, has been closely associated with the Hospital from the first, and Dr. Coulter, Dr. W. G. Campbell, Dr. A. W. and Dr. Burridge. These gentlemen are the work of the Rescue of public sections of the Hospital without fee. They take the patients on call by day and night. Sometimes attending doctors will get as many as three during one night from the Hospital. They are of course, in addition to the private Maternity work, in charge of the private Maternity work. The Hospital works in the city, all attending twenty-five doctors in the city, all attending bringing their patients there. The doctor bringing a patient is responsible for the Hospital, renting him the room and providing the nursing at so much a day.

#### Conducted at Great Cost.

An institution of such magnitude is conducted at very great expense. To maintain only two or three items of expenditure, of fuel and lighting for last year was \$1,000 and the charges for milk, water, and electricity. The installation of the Laundry, at a cost of \$1,700, was also a heavy tax upon last year's receipts. That there is no question as to the need of the Hospital, however, is shown by the fact that the laundrying expenses and the cost of the laundrying industry for the Rescue section of the Hospital will be seen when it is mentioned that the clean sheets are required every week, and speak of all the clean personal and baby linen.

Against this heavy outlay, there is



Nurses' Chart Room, where a record of every patient's progress is kept.

every day. There were 608 births last year alone! And sometimes the angel of death comes silently down on the wings of night. There were forty-six deaths, mostly little babies whose eyes had scarcely yet opened to the light of this new world before they were closed to its joys and sorrows.

But to the Staff. The Matron has very capable help. Adjutant Beckett is her chief assistant in all the necessary offices, holding also the position of head day nurse. Ensign Ellery is chief night nurse. Four nurses, by the way, are on duty every night. Captain Selgrove is secretary to the Matron, Captain Gardiner

## General Bramwell Booth

### HAS UNDERTAKEN TO SEND 1000 Missionary Officers

The Army's Foreign Fields within a period of five years. Two parties of a hundred each are already left, principally for India and the East. Ought you to be one of the remaining hundred? (See The General's Letter on page 10.)

But Officers are also urgently needed for the West. Ought you to be a Candidate? If you need advice on the matter write to the Candidates' Secretary, 20 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

#### FOR THE CHILDREN.

Useful and Wholesome Reading for Every Home.

Full of instructive and interesting articles, full of stories, and accounts of The Army's Junior Work in many lands, "The Young Soldier" is the paper to be put into the hands of boys and girls.

A thrilling Serial Story woven around the life and adventures of that Missionary hero, Dr. Livingston, is now running through its pages. Games and Painting Competitions are other features that delight the children. Our special number, with coloured frontispiece, will be issued the last week in June. The subscription price per year is fifty cents. Separate copies, one cent. Send all orders to the Trade Secretary, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

## THE WAR CRY.

### IN THE DAYS OF HIS YOUTH.

The birthday of William Booth, beloved founder and father of The Salvation Army, which his people in every land have for many years loved to celebrate, fell on April 28th, and while the return of the date reminds us of the olden times, it serves also to remind us of the great work he has been doing since that day. He was too near to view in its proper perspective the great work he did, and it is now natural



The International Staff Band on the march in Germany.

to ask, Was there ever such a life? And yet the story of the late General's early companions, as told in this issue (which article, by the way, is specially commended to our Young People), reveals the encouraging circumstance that The General's opportunities in youth did not materially differ from those of our own Young People. It is a strength of will that counts so largely, and of spirit. Given these and the world is full of opportunity.

#### WITHIN FIFTY YEARS.

WHAT The Salvation Army, which was brought into being less than fifty years ago, should now be at work in fifty-eight countries and colonies, and preaching Salvation

in thirty-four languages, is a very striking fact; that its present opportunities on the Missionary Field are greater than they ever were is still more remarkable; and that The General's call for Officers to dedicate their lives to the saving of the heathen is receiving so ready and generous a response, is most wonderful of all. Two hundred Officers have already left Europe for India and the Far East, these having been con-

## Why They Could Not Play.

### A DILEMMA AND A DRUNKARD'S RESTORATION.

"Now, Adjutant, I suppose we can have a solemn service for the Band," said the Adjutant. It was Sunday afternoon at a certain Toronto



Officers' Dining Room, Grace Hospital, with Staff Assembled. (See Pages 7 and 8.)

tributed principally by Great Britain and the Scandinavian Territories, in which we include such splendid sacrifices have been made by these European fields, but their greater liberality will throw into sharper contrast the smaller gift of any large Territory, should that Territory fail to make its contribution as promptly as it might be and as generous as the need requires.

Ours is an enviable opportunity.

#### AN EASTER-TIDE GREETING.

IN wishing every reader of "The War Cry" old and new, an Easter-tide richly blessed by the presence of the risen Lord, we have a suggestion to make. Why not with this special Easter issue introduce the paper to a new

Although the saloons, closed at seven on Saturday night, John Ardwell, as we will call him, had secured enough liquor to make him thoroughly drunk, and when, at the said hour, the saloon-keeper turned him out of his bar-room, he was quickly pounced upon by the police, and marched off to the one of the substations where he spent the night in a cell.

Poor John! He had once enjoyed the favour of God; had once given his testimony in The Army meetings, but his wife had so worried him about joining the Salvationists with whom she herself was too proud to be seen, that he at last gave up attending the meetings. And then—he lost his hold upon God, became an open backslider, and again took to the drink. Ever since Christmas he had been "on the town," and his wife, seeing her mind was almost distracted. At last, she went to the Adjutant, and pleaded with him to do something for her husband.

Hearing of the poor drunkard's sad plight, one of the Bandmen—by the name of Tom, and on this particular Sunday afternoon, went down to the police station and got permission to take the prisoner to The Army meeting. They arrived at the Hall just after the announcement regarding the Band's inability to play had been made.

All thoughts of a lost opportunity of showing their visitor what they could do immediately vanished from the Bandmen's minds as their bass player entered the Hall with the tottering backslider leaning upon his arm. Together they knelt at the Pentecost-table, and there the wanderer found pardon and deliverance from the desire for liquor. Comrades who were present testify to the change in his appearance as he brightly, he was sober and fully conscious of what he had done.

Several minutes before the time for the evening meeting, the bass player was again at the meeting. He went, but not as the drink-loving, backsliding John Ardwell, of the previous day; this time he went neatly dressed, clean and bright-eyed, fairly bubbling over because of his restored joy.

Only a few people knew how it all came (Continued on Page 10)

(Continued on Page 10)





# THE SALVATION ARMY AND THE HEATHEN

## A Letter From The General.



### COMRADES AND FRIENDS.

Do you realize the magnitude of the Heathen World with its thousand millions of souls?

Yes, one thousand millions! It seems incredible but it is only too true.

A THOUSAND MILLIONS! What does it mean?

That is the question it is so very difficult to answer—it means so many things.

It means for one thing that the Heathen World of to-day, containing this vast population, is also a World of misery and sorrow, and largely a World of cruelty and suffering.

Amongst its great crowd are millions of cannibals; many millions who offer human sacrifices to gods of wood and stone; millions more who are slaves or slave-holders; still more millions who carry on unnameable abominations in the practice of their religions; and still more who suffer from horrible customs which finally break the human heart and ruin the immortal soul.

A THOUSAND MILLIONS!

But the magnitude of this—the greatest of all the problems which confront the religion of Jesus—is not entirely seen in the vastness of

numbers—vast as the numbers are. The most serious part of the problem is this—that people are so dark—so bound in their spirits—so blind to what is pure—so far away in thought and deed from the living God!

So it is not only that there are a Thousand Millions to be won, but that this mighty host is entrenched and fortified in all the forms of evil which are in open opposition to Christ and His Kingdom. They will not come unto Him that they might have life.

YES! THAT IS THE HEART OF THE PROBLEM OF THE THOUSAND MILLIONS.

Now, The Salvation Army has lately experienced a great awakening of new interest in these Heathen multitudes. I want to do more for them than has yet been attempted under our Flag. Especially have my thoughts been turned to the following countries:

India and Ceylon	China
Japan	Java and
Western and Central Africa	The Dutch East Indies and Korea.

The newspaper press in England, large sections of the population in some European countries, and many important papers of the World over have been stirred with interest in our work for the Heathen and man amongst these peoples, while in our own ranks the same confidence and enthusiasm have been manifest.

That awakening of interest has had much to do with the offering of 100 Officers who a few months ago left Great Britain for some of those fields of labour, as well as the party of another 100 who have more recently left their Scandinavian homelands. For us, and beautiful spirits, I believe they are consecrated by their death to save those brethren and sisters of ours who sit in darkness over the sea.

I believe, however, that there are many Officers and Soldiers in other lands—some I know there are in Canada—whose interest is only to be aroused in this matter to lead them to offer themselves to help me to take advantage of the great opportunity that is before us. Perhaps also amongst those not already joined with us are some who will feel that they should give up their lives to this loud call.

Men with the spirit of David and women with the courage and sympathy of Deborah are the immediate need, everywhere.

No time will be lost by The Army in doing its part. No time should be lost by you in doing yours.

PRAY AND ACT.

And remember that there are, without Christ and without hope, many largely without knowledge of His Salvation, in the Heathen World of to-day, a thousand million souls.

What are YOU going to do? If your circumstances prevent your going, perhaps you could pay the expenses of someone else. Send your reply at once to me or to Commissioner Ross, 16 Albert Street, Toronto.

Yours faithfully,

*W. Booth*

International Headquarters, London, E.C.

### AN EASTERTIDE GREETING.

(Continued from Page 9.)

To territory west of Fort William, to Newfoundland, Great Britain, and Ireland, the United States, and all other countries in the Postal Union, \$2.00 per annum. To territory east of Fort William, \$1.00 per annum.

### NEITHER WEALTH NOR INFLUENCE.

THE SALVATION ARMY has not reached its present position and influence by means of the great wealth or social standing of its Officers and Soldiers, most of whom

have mighty little of this world's goods to call their own. (Not that they despise wealth, but they are too fully occupied in seeking and saving the lost sheep for whom the Shepherd died to permit of their having any time or love for mere money-making.) This great Organization has rather risen upon the fiery enthusiasm and hidden devotion of its people—and upon their prayer and self-denial. Without these it would probably never have been heard of outside the city in which it had its birth. And upon prayer and self-denial it is still as dependent as ever. For this reason The Army faithfully observes everywhere its Week of Prayer and Week of Self-Denial, in which, because of all its merciful,

redemptive, and missionary work, it earnestly and with confidence invites the hearty co-operation of the churches and the great Christian public. We know our own dear people will eagerly and joyfully respond.

### WHY THEY COULD NOT PRAY.

(Continued from Page 9.)  
about; how, patiently and persistently the lost player sought to bring him back to the fold, but—well, that's just why the band couldn't play that Sunday afternoon. And not one of the players would tell you that he was sorry.

# A Sanctified Body.

By General William Booth, Founder of The Salvation Army.



IF I had my life to come over again I would pay far more attention than I have done to the things that have had to do with my own health, although I think I have exercised more care on the subject than many do, especially during my latter years.

A Strong and Healthy Body will have much to do with your Comfort. I might say with your Religion. You cannot get away from your body, at least, not in this life. It is with you all the time. And, being there, it will make itself felt. And if your head, or your back, or your stomach, or some other part of your frame, aches, it will have a very depressing effect on your spirits, on your mind and heart generally. I am quite aware that the Grace of God can make you resigned to the endurance of afflictions, give you patience in them, and turn them to good account; but it does seem to me that it is wisest and best to, as far as possible, avoid them.

A Strong, Healthy Body will have much to do with your satisfactorily discharging your Every-day Duties. You cannot look after your family, attend to your home, or go through a hard day's work with satisfaction if you are sick and feeble. Whereas, if you are well, work will be a real pleasure.

A Strong, Healthy Body has to do with the comfort of those around you. What a wearying discomfort people who are always falling become to relatives, friends, and servants. Many of them, I know cannot help their troubles—bless them!—still it would be a great deal better for those around them if those troubles could have been avoided.

A Strong, Healthy Body is very helpful to Faith. Some people's bodies suffer because their hearts are full of unbelief and rebellion against God. If they would get right in their souls, it would greatly help them to get right in their bodies. Just so, others suffer in their souls because of the disordered state of their bodies. The depressions and low spirits which come of weaknesses, diseased livers, and the like, hinder faith and shut up prayer, and often spoil the Salvation life.

A Strong, Healthy Body is friendly to persevering, earnest Salvation Warfare. Of course, when the soul is on fire with the love of others, it will drag a weak body to the open-air, or to the Junior Company, to the after meetings, or to other fields of action. Still, it can only go so far, and what it does is only done in a half-and-half way; whereas, with good health and spirits, and faith combined, the work will be not only delightful, but easy.

Perhaps some one will say: "Ah! I do wish I could have a strong and vigorous body; but it has not been my portion, and I am afraid never will be." That is just what I say about myself; but I got a little nearer, and say, "If I cannot have all I long for and all I have described, I will get as much of the Treasure as I possibly can." If you are wise you will make up your mind to do the same. And if you will so resolve, and carry out my counsel, I think you will find some

considerable benefit. The first piece of advice I give is—

Sacredly regard your Body as belonging to God. Look upon its hands and feet, its eyes and ears, and head and heart, and all its other parts and powers as being the property of your Lord. If you were an angel in Heaven, I am sure you would consider your wings as belonging to Jehovah, and you would never think of using them in any way that would not be pleasing to Him. You must feel just the same with respect to your feet and hands down here. Is not your body His property? Did He not create it and redeem it, and does He not preserve it from day to day? Where would you soon be if He were to cease to feed you and care for you. Say, therefore, to yourself, "I am not my own, I belong to God."

Give your Bodies to God for Him to Possess and Use as He thinks best. That is what the Apostle meant when he exhorted the Romans to "present their Bodies a living sacrifice," assuring them that such an offering would be very acceptable to Him, and would bring a great blessing to them.

Will you not do the same, and do it in reality? You often talk about giving God your soul, and your money, and your family. That is good. Excellent! Now definitely give Him your body. Invite Him to come and live in it, and manage it in just that way that will be most pleasing and profitable to Him. Give it to Him now. Don't wait until it is weak in old age, or until it is cold and useless in death. Give Him a living sacrifice.

Sanctify your Body. You frequently offer the prayer that Paul offered for the people of Thessalonica: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole Spirit and Soul and Body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

There you see it is your privilege to have a sanctified body as truly as a sanctified soul. It will be beautiful to think and feel that brains and limbs, and muscle and nerve, and everything else about you are pure in the sight of God, and that He counts them all His own; that is, that you have a sanctified body.

You must Sanctify your Body yourself. You know what it is to be sanctified. It is to be separated from impurity—that is, from everything that is evil. But if you sanctify your body, you won't defile it by taking into it anything that is injurious or unclean. You will keep as far away as possible from everything that would make it a source of temptation to the soul or weaken its power to fight for God.

You know that to have your soul sanctified, also signifies its being set apart for good and useful and God-pleasing objects, to which all its interests are devoted. But that is equally the proper object in life for your body. Indeed, you cannot have a fully-consecrated soul without, at the same time, having a fully-consecrated body.

Give yourselves up, therefore, to eat, and drink, and dress, and sleep, and work, and go through every other earthly duty as purely and devoutly as if you were in Heaven already.

[The second article in this practical and helpful series will appear in next week's "War Cry."—Ed.]

# The Return From Galilee



THE WINTER OF 1914-15



And The Women Also, Which Came With  
 Him From Galilee, Followed After Him  
 "From That Hour That Disciple Took  
 Her Unto His Own Home"







## Salvation Fighters of the Sea-Girt Isle.

ENSLIGN TILLEY WRITES SHORT SKETCHES OF SOME VETERAN COMRADES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

OF the quarter of a million people that inhabit Newfoundland, no fewer than four per cent. are Salvationists or adherents of The Army. This is a percentage unequalled in any other part of the world, and demonstrates how dearly the people of the Sea-Girt Isle love the Yellow, Red, and Blue, and all that it stands for. Newfoundlanders are, as a rule, intensely enthusiastic, and this trait manifests itself particularly in their religion. The make ideal Soldiers of The Salvation Army, being zealous in the carrying out of their duties, and firm in adherence to principle, even to their own personal loss at times. Exposed to the perils of the sea, as numbers of them constantly are, they learn, to the accompaniment of howling winds, crashing ice, and rolling billows, powerful lessons of trust in God. And may be the tales told of marvellous deliverances from peril in answer to prayer.

What sort of a Salvation Soldier the Newfoundlanders is, however, may best be told by means of personal sketches of a few typical comrades. The following have been supplied by Ensign Tilley, of Bell Island.

One of The Army's first notable converts in Newfoundland, he says, is Sergeant B.—. Previous to The Army's advent he was a notorious drunkard, and practically all that he earned went to satisfy his craving for liquor. Through attending Army meetings he got deeply convicted of sin, and at the Pentecost-form promised God that if He would save him he would never touch the drink again. It is nearly thirty years ago since he made that solemn vow, and God has enabled him to keep it, though he has endured much persecution.

He boasts of having as "a continual comrade in the war" the oldest Soldier in Britain's oldest colony. Four of the children of this happy couple are engaged in Field and Educational work in The Army on the Island. Our comrade is a lover of music, and delights especially in helping poor drunks, many of whom he has led to God.

Another veteran Soldier is Brother G. S.—. Formerly a noted drunkard and a street fighter, he is now a champion of the right, and a man of mighty power in prayer.

When stationed at his Corps I often stopped

outside his house for a minute or two when on my way to the night meeting to listen to his praying, and my own heart was always greatly stirred.

He is fond of telling about the following remarkable incident. One day when he was crossing the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Portugal with a load of codfish in a small sailing vessel, a severe storm arose. The crew became terror-stricken when a huge wave was shipped which carried away the helm, thus rendering the vessel unmanageable.

### ONLY ONE DAY APART!

NO hint or whisper stirred the air  
To tell what joy should be,  
The sad disciples grieving there,  
Nor help nor hope could see.  
Yet all the while the glad, near sun  
Made ready its swift dart,  
And Calvary and Easter Day,  
The darkest day and brightest day,  
Were just one day apart!

Oh, when the strife of tongues is loud,  
And the heart of hope beats low,  
When the prophets prophecy of ill,  
And the mourners come and go,  
In this sure thought let us abide,  
And keep and stay our heart,  
That Calvary and Easter Day,  
Earth's darkest and happiest day,  
Were but one day apart.

dering the vessel helpless. In this dilemma our comrade stepped forward, and in the presence of his mate called upon God to save them. Almost at once a large liner was sighted, which, on being signalled, bore down upon them. They were all rescued, though with some difficulty, and carried to England, from whence they reached home safely.

Not all of our Soldiers earn their living on the stormy deep, however. Many of them work in the lumber camps, where they bear testimony for God as unflinchingly as their mates afloat. One of these is Colour-Sergeant G.—, better known as "Uncle Jimmie." He embraces every

opportunity of speaking about eternal life, the way to the right, and the peace of his life is spent, and he prays with them. When at home he is regular in attendance at the other meetings, where he is a constant help to his comrades, and he greatly helps to inspire his comrades.

He is firm as a rock where principle is concerned. This was once proved during the progress of a Local Option Campaign in the town of St. John's. He was employed by a hotel where he tried to influence his men to abstain from liquor or not vote at all. Uncle Jimmie announced his intention of voting for the Local Option, and though it meant the loss of his job, he remained loyal to his convictions. He was the joy of seeing the place "go dry."

The last comrade I will mention is Captain Major P.—. It is over thirty years ago that he was a young man in the Army, and he served as the first Army Hall in an old town. While not a desperate sinner, a tradesman, previous to conversion, was indifferent to the claims of God, and lived a careless life. Through curiosity he was led to attend meetings, where he got awakened to his sin. In those days people were inclined to persecute the converts, and our comrade had many a hard thing.

One particular form of annoyance was to duck the converts into the water as they came out of the Hall. This was easy of accomplishment, as the Hall was built over the water, the only path leading to it was by a set of round sticks called "lungers." Our comrade stood faithfully by the Flag, however, and had the satisfaction of seeing the Corps grow to be one of the best on the Island.

He is an ardent advocate of holy living, and by his testimony and personal example has helped others into this blessed experience. One of his chief business men of the town sent him one day and asked him to explain the doctrine to him. Our comrade did so, and before long the office knelt in prayer, and before long was helping him fully to surrender to God.

These are but passing glimpses of some of the noble ten thousand who are fighting for God and The Army in Newfoundland. May their numbers increase!

missionary should be? Which of us think perhaps through the long night hours, as required, "Where does the Lord wish me to labour?" And a vision has come from the sea, with upraising hands and a voice saying, "Come over and help us."  
If only our spirit is one of eager desire to reach and save the lost, there is little fear that the call will come, for "Heavenly fire is already within us to harvest." What shall be our response?

### THE NOBLEST AMBITION OF ALL

To dare, to strive, to bleed in the service of humanity, is to desire the grandest of all things, although it be a crown of thorns—it is to be the highest of all thrones, although it be a cross. And ever since Christ suffered on Calvary, the holiest and bravest souls of the world have been urged to follow in His trail. The divinest sphere of sacrificial service has through all intervening generations been through the holiest and bravest souls of the world. The brightest of crowns animated by the noblest of passions. All other ambitions are beside this.

### DO YOU PRAY WITH YOUR FAMILY?

Experiences of Home Worship Wanted for "The War Cry" readers must have been a long time concerning the necessity of family worship. I am earnestly invited to tell us how they began, how they have come, the difficulties arising from their conduct, how it has helped them to overcome, and what it has done for their children.

When you have read this paper, please write to a friend who would not be likely to see a copy.

## For The Healing of The Nations.

FASCINATING GLIMPSES OF THE ARMY'S MEDICAL MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA, JAVA, AND JAPAN—THE BLIND RECEIVE THEIR SIGHT, THE LEPERS ARE KINDLY CARED FOR—TOUCHING FAITH IN POWER OF DOCTOR SAHIB.

LIKE many other far-outspreading works of mercy, The Army's medical operations in the East had a very modest beginning. An English Salvationist, a young man, in India, was grieved to see so much suffering among the natives, arising from the ignorance of the simplest remedies; he therefore began to read and study, so that he might alleviate some of that suffering.

In this way his gift was discovered, a medical training was secured for him, and he became Dr. (Brigadier) Harry Andrews, Medical Officer of The Army's first Hospital in India, which was opened in 1898 at Nagore, in the South, and called after The Army Mother, "The Catherine Booth." It was afterwards considerably enlarged.

In 1903 the Emery Hospital, a gift of the late Mrs. Emery, was opened at Anand Gueerat (some hundreds of miles north-east of the first), Dr. and Mrs. Andrews being placed in charge. They were succeeded at the Catherine Booth Hospital by Major (Dr.) and Mrs. Percy Turner. And now the Thomas Emery Hospital at

bullock carts, others on ekkas, and those who cannot afford such means of transit, on foot, on men's shoulders, or on buffaloes, and other kinds of simple conveyances. Some have painful disorders, others high fevers, and other have had chronic diseases affecting them for years. All come to be cured, after their hakims have had a try on them.

After a little trouble, the assistant writes their names down; some insist on giving their histories and that of their venerable ancestors as well, besides many other minor details.

A rush is made towards the table as soon as the Doctor Sahib appears.

"Pagan! Where is he?" That worthy makes his appearance known by coming nearer.

"What do you want?"

"Huzur, I heard of your name and so I have come from eighteen miles, may—"

"What is the matter with you?"

"I have a cough. It gives me much trouble—cannot sleep at nights because of it."

The Doctor tells the assistant to tell him to take his clothes off so that he may examine his chest. Soon the examination is finished and he

piece of paper. On examination the parcel was found to contain the mutilated fingers of a man. "I," asked the visitors, "we bring you the man, could you please put these bits of fingers back on him?" The look of disappointment on their faces when they received the inevitable answer to their question was truly pathetic.

At Multipur (the same means "City of Salvation") a dispensary was recently opened, and the Officer in charge, Captain Mortimer, soon became known for his ability to treat snake bites.

Not long ago a bullock cart drew up at the door, having come, it was stated, some thirty miles, and the Captain was asked by one of the attendants whether he could cure a man who had been badly bitten.

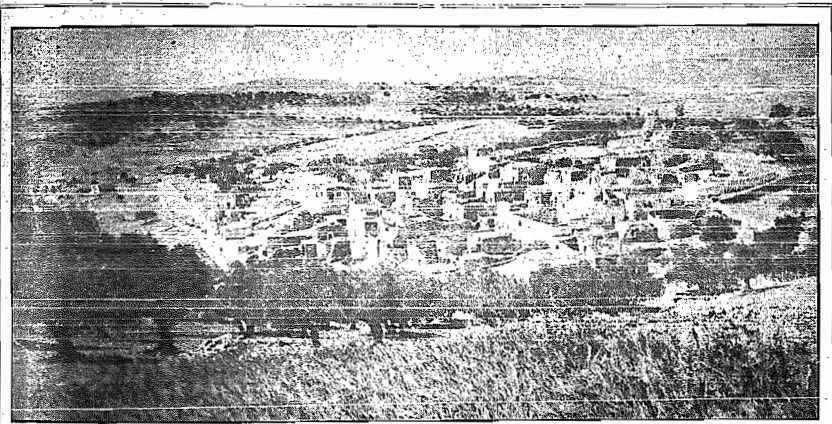
"Fetch him in, and let's see," the Captain replied.

"Please come out to the cart," they pleaded.

"No; you must lift him out of the cart. I can't do anything in there."

"But you don't understand," they said; "don't you see, he's dead!"

They had quite expected the Salvationist to bring their comrade back to life.



Bethany, the scene of our Lord's Ascension, after He had charged His disciples to "Go out into all the world." (See Page 2.)

Moradabad, made possible by the same generous firm, is performing a like beneficent work in the far north. As in the case of the other Hospitals, much work has been going on all the while the building was being erected.

A very valuable feature of this new Institution will be the training of Indian women for maternity work, by which it is hoped that much of the indescribable and widespread suffering caused among India's poorest by neglect and ignorance in these matters will be done away with.

With a view to organizing this branch of the work, Mrs. Brigadier Andrews has, during recent years, become a member of the London Central Midwives' Board.

Some idea of an ordinary day's work at this Hospital may be gained from the following description:

It is early morning. The sun is just appearing over the horizon. Two or three patients are already sitting in the compound. One of them coughs vigorously, another, putting his hands over his ears, gives a dismal groan—all this is to the Doctor know they are there. By and-by they begin to speak the language of sympathy and then endeavor to express each other by eloquently recounting their sufferings.

Meanwhile, more patients arrive, some on

is sent off to get his medicine.

Then the Doctor goes to the dressing room, where he finds a juvenile patient struggling on the table, while his anxious parents and an assistant endeavor to keep him quiet, so as to enable the nurse to wash and attend to his eyes. Other patients of different ages await their turn.

A man with one side of his face terribly swollen comes to the Doctor, and, opening his mouth, points to the remains of a tooth.

"Very much pain," he says, by way of explanation.

"Oh, it will be all right, come and sit on this stool." Then to the assistant, "Just boil me those forceps, and get me some water."

Meanwhile, the Doctor again goes out to see more patients. He finds quite a crowd there, and sees as many as possible. Soon the assistant informs him all is ready and he hurries into the dressing room. He tells the patient to look up.

"Open your mouth now, don't shake." A short painful "Oh!" and the ordeal is over, and the patient relieved.

The poor people of India have some strange notions concerning the doctor's powers.

"An anxious deputation from a village fifteen miles away called at the Emery Hospital, bringing with them something wrapped in a dirty

In the beautiful Island of Java, in the Dutch East Indies, an equally remarkable work is in progress. At Semarang is The Army's Eye Hospital, the Superintendent of which is Dr. (Staff-Captain) Wille, who is by birth a Dane, and in obedience to a call for the Missionary Field Force came to Java, and offered his services to The Salvation Army. He is regarded by rich and poor alike as the chief eye specialist in the Island. Thousands of patients have received treatment, many of them the poorest of the poor, and, in some instances, remarkable as it may seem, people who had already gone blind have had their sight restored. One person came no less a distance than three hundred miles, and a very poor fellow, all came on an eight-days' journey.

The father and mother, who were blind, were led by their little boy, five years of age. He also had to care for a four-year-old girl during the journey. Sad to relate, all that the Doctor could do for these poor people was to inform them that they were incurably blind.

Javanese of the highest and lowest classes are treated. One morning the Doctor attended a Dutch lady, the daughter of an admiral. The next patient to be treated was a native prisoner, who wore a heavy iron ring round his neck, and was in chains. Later during the same morning,

(Continued on Page 2)



him. Certainly it is associated with what  
at have been to one of The General's fine

There are not many pictures—the chief is a striking coloured portrait on porcelain of the late Mrs. Booth: and there is also a fine

for "The Young Soldier."—Throughout the year, 50c per annum. The British Isles, the United States, and other countries in the postpaid rate, \$1.00 per annum. Orders should be addressed: The Trade Secretary, Territorial Headquarters, James M. Smith, 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

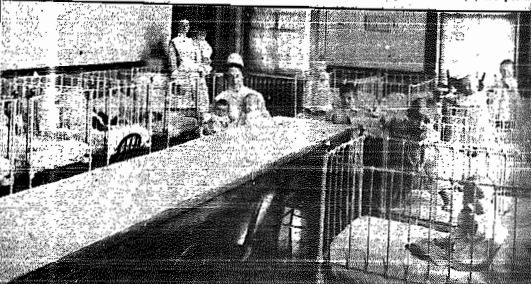
"Hand-bills had been sent out before we announce the opening. On the Saturday we two marched out to our first open-air meeting in a blinding snowstorm. We were our Band. He had a cornet with a few kinks

plainly that He showed them due honour and affection. In no case is this more manifest

"I went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. I lay there and thought, 'I've almost got to sleep, but I can't get up and come back.' Then he began to talk and said, 'I would give anything if I could have you saved.'"

"We had a few words with him, and then we got down on our knees and prayed for him, and for the people of the city. And although many years have passed, I still say that that was one of the most wonderful prayer meetings I was ever in."

"It seemed as though we were in Heaven," he said. "I was the first thrill of joy I experienced in having a soul to God, and I shall never, never forget it."



General strike it to find out how the leaden moments of the long hours were going.

The comb- and brushes used by him to arrange the silver hair of his head and beard there-objects of veneration to those who were not his enemy.

There are not his enemy.

Looking colored portraits on porcelain of the late Mr. Booth, and all pictures of the

To territory east of Fort William, \$100 per annum.

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Hand-bills had been sent out before we announced the opening. On the Saturday night we two marched out to our first opening, our way being in a blinding snow storm. We were the "Blue Band. He had a cornet with a few tink-

It would seem that the Holy Spirit, in His guidance of the writing of the Scripture, foresaw how the early Christians would be tempted to worship the Creature instead of the Creator. For we have very few references to the Mother of our Lord in the Bible. This makes quite clear to my mind the fact that it was not God's will that Mary of Nazareth should become an object of worship or adoration or even a mediator of our prayers. At the same time the glimpse we have of the Saviour's relationship to His parents shows very plainly that He showed them due honour and

(To be continued.)





# MEDICAL STAFF of the GRACE HOSPITAL, WINNIPEG



STANDING: DR. COULTER AND DR. BURRIDGE.  
SEATED: DR. ADAMS, DR. SUGDEN, AND DR. CAMERON.

